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THE RED MAN

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The Red Man

M. FRIEDMAN, Editor.

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Stories of Famous Indian Captives: Mary Jemison.

By George P. Donehoo, D. D.

IT IS strange that the Province of Pennsylvania, founded as it was upon principles of peace and good will with the red men who lived upon the shores of the Delaware, should have been the scene of more bloodshed and strife than any of the other English colonies. When William Penn entered into his "firm league of peace" with the Indians at Shackamaxon, in 1682, he did a unique thing in the way of colonization. His first letter to the Indians, written in 1681, is still worthy of serious thought by the white men who are brought into contact with the red men. Had its spirit animated the minds and hearts of all of the white men who have pressed the red men westward, the annals of American history would not be stained with such dark blotches of blood. He says:

> My Friends:—There is one great God and power that hath made the world and all things therein, to whom you and I, and all people owe their being and well-being, and to whom you and I must one day give an account for all that we do in the world. Now this great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your parts of the world, and the king of the country where I live hath given unto me a great province; but I desire to enjoy it with your love and consent, that we may always live together as neighbors and friends; else what would the great God say to us, who hath made us not to devour and destroy one another, but to live soberly and kindly together in the world.

Very strangely William Penn, unlike many of the other pioneers in the colonization of the American continent, meant what he said, and lived up to this high ideal in his dealings with the Indians. Had the same Indian policy been carried out by every white man, from the shores of the Delaware to the Pacific Ocean, the Nation

would have saved millions of dollars and thousands of lives, and there would never have been any "Indian problem" to be solved. The Treaty at Shackamaxon—"not sworn to and never broken"—will always stand as the one great bright spot in the history of the colonization of this continent. Penn's instructions to the commissioners who were sent to make the first settlements might well be followed by every agent and missionary in the Indian Service today:

> Be tender to the Indians. Soften them to me and the people. Let them know that you are come to sit down lovingly among them. Read to them, in their own tongue, the conditions made with them by the purchasers, that they shall deal justly with them. Make a friendship and league with them accordng to these conditions, which carefully observe.

Had these conditions been observed, Pennsylvania never would have been drenched with the blood of the frontiersmen in the disastrous Indian warfare which followed the age of William Penn.

But William Penn died. The old chiefs, who had gone to Philadelphia year by year to renew the league of amity, had passed away. A new generation of warriors lived back along the winding course of the Susquehanna. Many had strayed far off to the waters of the Ohio, where they built their villages and carried on a trade with the French, from Canada. The new era had brought changes in the Indian situation, as well as in the attitude of the provincial authorities. After the Iroquois discovered that the land, occupied by the Delaware and Shawnee, had a money value, they laid claim to these lands "by right of conquest," and sold all of the lands along the Susquehanna, even the beautiful Valley of Wyoming, to the land-hungry white invaders. The proud warriors of the Delaware and Shawnee kept moving farther and farther away from the white settlements, trying to escape the traffic in rum and the cabins of the frontiersmen. But the memories of William Penn, and the traditions of the honor which had been shown their fathers by the authorities at Philadelphia still lingered in their councils. It is easy to imagine how these chiefs felt when they saw the chiefs of their masters, the Iroquois, taking the place which had been theirs in the councils of the white man. An Indian is just as proud as a white man when it comes to a question of taking a "back seat." The French on the Ohio were not slow to use this opportunity. They welcomed the Delaware and Shawnee with open arms. The migrations of these tribes from the Susque-

hanna grew in numbers, until at the commencement of the French and Indian War a large majority of these two allied tribes were under the influence of the French. Through the efforts of Conrad Weiser the Iroquois had been brought under the influence of the Province and had assumed a dictatorial position so far as all of the affairs of the Delaware and Shawnee were concerned. As a consequence, when the expedition of General Braddock was being made ready for the long and troublesome march from Fort Cumberland to Fort Duquesne, the Province of Pennsylvania west of the Susquehanna was absolutely under the control of the savage warriors of the tribes which had been alienated by the unwise policy of the men in power in provincial affairs. It is true that the friendship of the Iroquois had been gained, but it had been gained at the expense of the friendship of the Delaware and Shawnee. Such a course made possible the ultimate Anglo-Saxon dominion of the American continent, but it led to a literal deluge of blood upon the frontiers of Pennsylvania. From 1755 until 1794 the region west of the Susquehanna was the scene of a series of border wars more disastrous, in the long run of years, than any wars between the red warriors and the white settlers upon the continent. During these years hundreds of settlers were killed or carried into captivity, and hundreds of Indians fell before the avenging rifle of the frontiersmen. The entire region west of the mountain ridges in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky became a veritable "dark and bloody ground" during these years. There is not a valley beyond the blue ridges of the Kittatinny Mountains which did not echo with the war-whoop of the savage avenger of his people's wrongs. There is not a pathway leading through the mountain gaps which has not been trodden by the feet of the captives who were taken to some far distant Indian village on the waters of the Ohio or into the Seneca country in western New York. Many of these captives were taken from the then sparsely settled region along the Cumberland Valley and beyond the mountain ridge in the Tuscarora and Juniata Valleys. These valleys were threaded by the Indian trails leading to the Ohio and northward to the villages on the upper branches of the Susquehanna.

It seems strange to think that these avenging war parties of red men roamed over this region which is now occupied by thriving cities, peaceful hamlets, and prosperous farms, within such a comparatively recent period in history.

Many of the captives taken by the Indians were returned after Colonel Bouquet's expedition into the "Indian country" in Ohio in 1764. Some were put to death at the stake and many others were adopted by the various tribes. Many of the captives who had been restored to Colonel Bouquet were taken to Carlisle, and ultimately returned to their former homes. Bouquet's march with this company of returned captives from the Tuscarawas Valley, in Ohio, to Fort Pitt and then on to Carlisle, was one of the most remarkable marches ever made across the mountains of Pennsylvania. His troops were made up of the frontiersmen from Virginia, the veteran Indian fighters of Pennsylvania, and, the soldiers of the regular service. These acted as an escort for the captives who had been returned from the villages of the Wyandot, Delaware, and Shawnee, from the rivers and forests of Ohio. Many of them had been captured in the early days of the French and Indian War. They had forgotten all about their early life. Many of the young women had married their Indian lovers, and many of the young men had married the brown little maidens of their adopted people. Many of these hid in the forests, or escaped along the way, refusing to be returned to their own white relatives. One woman, who had been captured when but a small girl, when told that she was to be returned to her parents, said, "Will my old companions associate with the wife of an Indian chief? And my husband, who has been so kind to me—I will not desert him." She fled from the army and returned to the home of her adoption on the waters of the Tuscarawas.

When this army of Boquet reached Carlisle people came from every part of the frontier region of Virginia and Maryland, as well as from Pennsylvania, seeking for their long-lost loved ones. The historic little city of Carlisle has been the scene of many strange and wonderful gatherings, but it never witnessed a more remarkable gathering than that of those autumn days in 1764, when these captives were returned to the friends whom many of them failed to recognize. It was at this time that the incident, known by all, took place—of the old German woman who came seeking her daughter, who had been captured by the Indians in 1755. She could not recognize this child among any of the young women in the party. Weeping she went to Colonel Bouquet and told him her trouble. He suggested that she sing one of the songs of the days when her

little ones were at home in her cabin. She then sang the plaintive melody with which she had lulled her little ones to sleep—

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes my every hour to cheer."

She had hardly finished these words—sung in the German language—when a young woman in Indian dress threw her arms about her neck.

There were, however, many of the captives who never returned to their homes among the white settlers. These had married into the tribes of their captors and refused to return, even when every inducement was held out for them to do so.

Among the most famous of these white captives who refused to return was Mary Jemison, or Deh-ge-wa-nus, as she was called by the Indians. The story of the life of this little Scotch-Irish woman, who was less than five feet tall, reads like a romance. Her life story was told by herself to James E. Seaver, who recorded it and later published it in a book, which has already run through seven editions. The author of this article recently visited the grave of this little woman, who passed through so many thrilling events. This grave, now marked by a beautiful monument, is situated in one of the most wonderful spots on the continent, overlooking the Falls of the Genesee River, where this stream cuts through the great gorge at Letchworth Park, New York. In this beautiful valley, the paradise of the Seneca, within an area of 12 miles, Mary Jemison spent 72 years of her eventful life. Having been over nearly all of the trails which were trodden by the feet of this "White Woman of the Genesee," from the time of her capture to the spot where she now rests, the author of this brief sketch became interested in some of the events which she mentions, but which she could not understand.

She was born upon the ship which brought her parents to America in 1742, or 1743. Her father, Thomas Jemison, landed in Philadelphia, and later moved to Marsh Creek, in Adams County. When the expedition of General Braddock was being organized at Fort Cumberland, in the spring of 1755, various raiding parties of Shawnee warriors and French soldiers scouted through the frontiers. In one of these raids a party of six Indians and four Frenchmen,

from Fort Duquesne, made an attack upon the Jemison cabin, in Buchanan Valley, in the South Mountain, and made prisoners of the family, consisting of the father and mother and three children. The two older sons, Thomas and John, escaped just before the raid. *The Indians then passed through the gap in the South Mountain, crossed the Cumberland Valley, near Chambersburg, and struck the trail leading to the Ohio around Parnall's Knob. According to the story told by Mary Jemison, her father, mother, and brothers, Robert and Matthew, and her sister Betsey were killed and scalped the second night after their capture. The author has found the name of "Betsey Jemison" among the list of captives returned by the Shawnee, of Ohio, to Col. Bouquet in 1764. It is possible that this may have been the sister, whom Mary supposed had been killed.

The Indians took Mary to Fort Duquesne, and then on to the "mouth of the Sheninjee"—which is evidently intended for Shenango; but even the Shenango River does not enter the Ohio. In all probability, she meant the Beaver River, at the mouth of which, in 1755, was situated the Indian Village called Shingass Town.

Although the narrative of Mary Jemison states that she was captured by the Indians in 1755, this is evidently an error. She states that she went up to Fort Duquesne to make peace with the British in the spring following her captivity. This would be, according to her narrative, in the spring of 1756. The British did not occupy Fort Duquesne until the 25th of November, 1758. In July, 1759, George Croghan held a council with the Indians from the lower Ohio. Watson's Annals (Vol. II, 185) gives a quotation from the New York *Mercury* of 1758, which reads as follows:

"York County, April 5 (1758).—Three Indians were seen this day near Thomas Jamieson's, at the head of Marsh Creek. After the alarm was given, six men proceeded to Jamieson's house and found Robert Buck killed and scalped—all the rest of the family are missing. The same day a person going to Shippenstown saw a number of Indians. These facts have caused much alarm."

This is evidently the correct date of the capture of Mary Jemison (or Jamieson, the name should be). The spring following this date was when the Indians from the lower Ohio went to Fort Pitt to "make peace with the British."

It has been suggested to the author that the route followed by the Indian captors of Mary Jemison may have been the same as that taken by the captors of Richard Bard, Esq., who was taken prisoner on Marsh Creek, April 13, 1758. These Indians crossed the Cumberland Valley below Scotland and, passing the site of Fort McCord, entered Yankee Gap in, the Kittatinny Mountains. This route was taken to avoid passing Fort Loudon. The main direction of the course followed to Fort Duquesne, however, was that given in this article. While following this course, the Indians kept out of the well-known "New Path", in order to escape the scouting parties of frontiersmen and soldiers. That they were able to do this is shown by the frequent raids which were made during this period

Many of the white captives were taken to this place, where they were either put to death by torture or adopted by one of the Indian families. Mary was adopted by two Seneca women, who had lost a brother at Colonel Washington's fight at Fort Necessity in 1754. About the time of the capture of Fort Duquesne by General Forbes, in 1758, Mary went with the Indians to the mouth of the Sciota River. Not long after her arrival at this place she was married to an Indian named Sheninjee. The second summer after her arrival at "Wiishto" she had a child which lived but a few days. In the fourth year of her captivity, when she was about 17 years of age, her second child, Thomas Jemison, was born. After various experiences in this region along the lower Ohio, she went with her adopted brothers, carrying her young child upon her back, over the trail leading from the Sandusky to the upper Alleghany and then on to the village of Caneadea, on the Genesee River. We can imagine what this trip of over 500 miles must have meant to this young mother. Soon after she left the Ohio her husband, Sheninjee, died. When her son was about four years old she was married to Hiokatoo, one of the most famous warriors of his day. By him she had four daughters and two sons. These were all given the names of her relatives: Jane, Nancy, Betsey, Polly, John, and Jesse. Her husband, Hiokatoo, was born on the Susquehanna, about 1708, and was a cousin of "Farmers Brother," the famous Seneca chief. He had been one of the warriors against the Cherokee and Catawba from his earliest manhood. He was one of the Seneca chiefs on the side of the French at Braddock's defeat in 1755, and was also the leading chief in the massacre at Fort Freeland, in Northumberland County, in 1779 (not 1777, as stated in Seaver's work), when Captain Dougherty, Boone, and 14 men were killed. This was one of the most notable events in the early history of the West Branch Valley. He was with Butler and Brandt at the massacre of Cherry Valley, in 1778, at which nearly 50 persons were killed, all but 16 of whom were women and children. He was also present at the battle of Sandusky, in 1782, when Colonel William Craford met his death at the stake. Hiokatoo, who was over six feet tall, was a warrior of pitiless savagery, even acccording to the story of his wife, whom he always treated with the greatest kindness and respect. He died in 1811, aged 103 years.

After his death Mary Jemison continued to live at Gardeau

Flats, which reservation of nearly 18,000 acres had been given to her at the Big Tree Council, in 1797. This beautiful tract of land, lying on the Genesee River, was sold by her in 1823, with the exception of a tract two miles long and one wide. She sold this tract in 1831 and removed to Buffalo Creek, where she died September 19, 1833, aged 91 years. Before her death she became a Christian, going back to the teaching of her childhood. She was buried in the graveyard near the Seneca Mission, from which her remains were removed to Letchworth Park in 1874 by her grandson, James Shongo, a son of George Shongo, who had married her daughter Polly. During the years which Mary Jemison lived in the Genesee Valley she saw the gradual retreat of the people of her adoption from the "beautiful valley" of the Seneca Nation to the upper waters of the Allegheny. Again and again she had opportunities for returning to the people to whom she belonged by birth. This she always refused to do, even running away to hide herself whenever such a thing was suggested. She loved her Indian husband and her children, many of whom brought sorrow to her heart. But all of the sorrow which darkened the home of this adopted child of the red men was caused, as she stated, by the source of more sorrrow and trouble in Indian wigwams than scalping knife or tomahawk—the rum of the Indian trader.

The scene which is now presented of the Genesee Valley, where this little Scotch-Irish Indian captive has found a final resting place, is beautiful beyond words. The quietly flowing Genesee, without a warning of its change in mood, suddenly plunges over the great rocky precipice, just below Portageville, and then goes foaming and splashing through the deep gorge, in Letchworth Park. There is no other scene to compare with it save that at Niagara—and to the author the Falls of the Genesee at this place are more beautiful. The great tree-covered hills on either side of the river, the rainbow-spanned falls at "Glen Iris", and the beautiful Letchworth Park, presented to the State of New York by its former owner, William Pryor Letchworth, presents a picture, never to be forgotten. No king or emperor has a more wonderfully beautiful resting place than has this captive, who was stolen by the Indians from the quiet mountains of Pennsylvania. On one side of the monument over her grave, near which stands the old "Long House" of the Seneca, there is written the inscription—

MONTAGNAIS WOMEN SKINNING A BEAR

MONTAGNAIS CHILDREN

Photos by Courtesy of Geological Survey of Canada

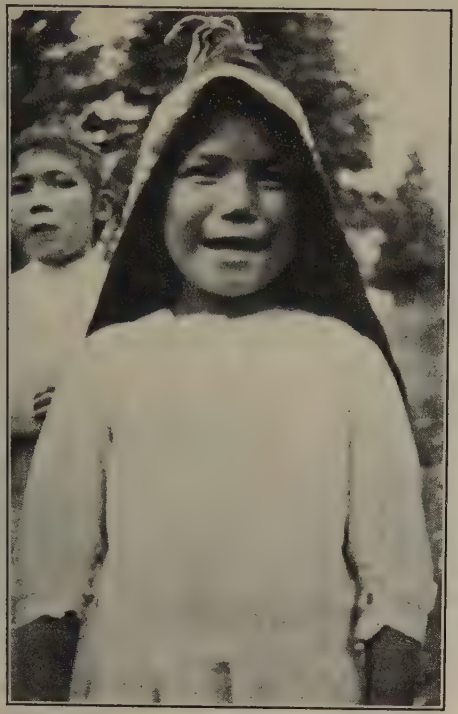
Old Misabi "Giant," a Temagami Ojibway

Tete de Boule Woman, Province of Quebec, Canada

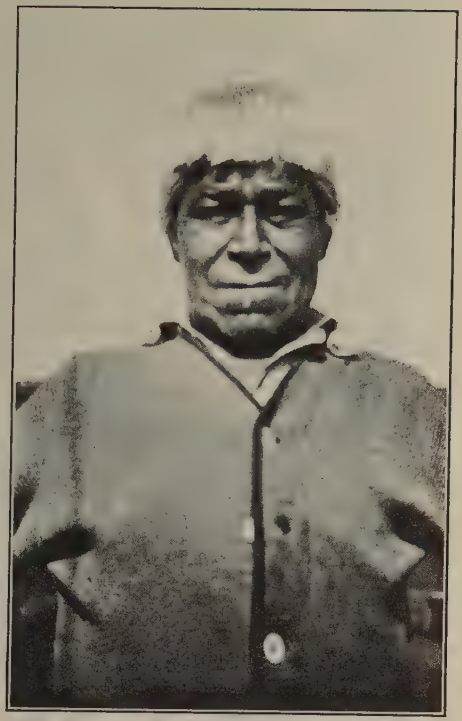
Photos by Courtesy of Geological Survey of Canada

Photos by Courtesy of Geological Survey of Canada

Ojibway Woman with Native Beaded Hat



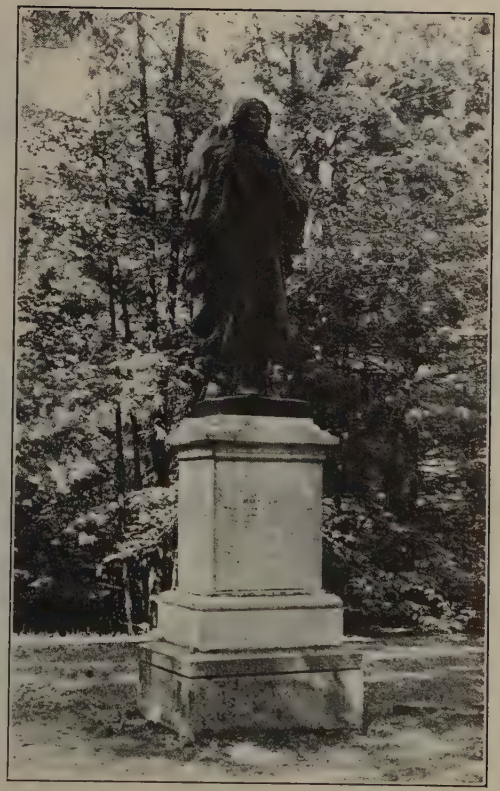
An Attractive Little Ojibway Girl



"Temagami Ned"

The Genesee Gorge. Mary Jemison is Buried on the Hill to the Right

STORIES OF FAMOUS INDIAN CAPTIVES



The Statue of Mary Jemison, in Letchworth Park, on the Banks of the Genesee

TO THE MEMORY OF

MARY JEMISON

WHOSE HOME DURING MORE THAN SEVENTY YEARS OF A LIFE
OF STRANGE VICISSITUDE WAS AMONG THE SENECAS UPON
THE BANKS OF THIS RIVER; AND WHOSE HISTORY,
INSEPARABLY CONNECTED WITH THAT OF THIS
VALLEY, HAS CAUSED HER TO BE KNOWN AS
"THE WHITE WOMAN OF THE GENESEE."

The bronze statue which surmounts the marble monument shows Mary Jemison as the young mother of 17 years, carrying her baby from the shores of the Ohio to the Genesee Valley.

Along the waters of the Genesee and along the waters of the upper Allegheny, where many of the Seneca still live, there are to-day many families bearing the name of Jemison. These are proud of tracing their ancestry back to the Scotch-Irish mother of the clan. Thomas Jemison little dreamed, when his home was destroyed and his life taken by the Shawnee raiders into Buchanans Valley, that one of the children from that home should become the mother of a whole tribe of Seneca Indians. One of her grandsons, Jacob Jemison, went to Dartmouth College, studied medicine, and became a surgeon in the United States Navy. Many other grandchildren and great-grandchildren became prosperous, educated members of society.

Actual history is often stranger than the wildest fiction.

Advises Selling Excess Indian Land to Farmers:

Address by Dana H. Kelsey.

NE of the most interesting talks made at the Eastern Oklahoma Agricultural Conference held at Muskogee, Okla., during last February was that of Dana H. Kelsey, United States Indian Superintendent, who divulged, probably for the first time, many interesting facts relating to Indian lands and improvements thereon, as well as offered suggestions as how to better the Indians and thus advance the agricultural interests of the State.

Many thousands of acres of valuable land are owned by the Indians in Oklahoma, and likewise many thousands of these acres are under lease and are being held for speculative purposes. Superintedent Kelsey took a rap at this leasing practice, and voiced the hope that the practice would be stopped. He advocates the sale of all excess Indian lands, as in that case progressive farming may be conducted on the land rather than speculation, as seems now to be the case with so many thousands of acres.

Superintendent Kelsey's address is intensely interesting, and is given herewith in full, as follows:

"Mr. Darby has asked me for an expression of opinion as to whether or not this forward agricultural movement meets with the sympathy of those officials in eastern Oklahoma having to do with Indian matters and as to the significance of the movement to the Indian citizen, and what our department is doing along these lines.

I want now to distinguish clearly between the professional or business Indian and the real full-blood. In my judgment there are two big problems in eastern Oklahoma to be wrestled with: One, agricultural development; the other, the Indian situation; and they are closely related.

We cannot get away from the fact that there are many thousands of our citizens of different degrees of Indian blood, and a new generation rapidly growing up, who, if they are to support themselves at all, can only do so by following agricultural pursuits, and realizing this, something over two years ago I prevailed upon the Interior Department to give us some local assistance in the way of agricultural experts whose particular duty it would be to assist in improving agricultural conditions among the Indian citizenship, and this

force has been increased until, at the present time, we have twelve of these men located at different stations in eastern Oklahoma, who are cooperating with local organizations and with the representatives of the Federal and State Departments of Agriculture.

Our agricultural representatives have been scattered at different points in eastern Oklahoma, where it was thought they could best reach the Indian population. Their stations are: Ardmore, Ada, Idabel, Hugo, Talihina, Holdenville, Okemah, Sapulpa, Spavinaw, Kansas, and Stilwell, with one general travelling agent having supervision of the entire field of work. These men are all here by my direction and many representing their respective localities.

Important to Indian Citizenship.

THE betterment of agricultural conditions has an important significance to our Indian citizenship. The time is not far distant when many of these Indians must gain their livelihood from the soil. Those who have been depending upon periodical per capita or other payments, or lease money, will find it a difficult matter to subsist when these payments cease, unless their land holdings are made productive, and they are taught improved methods of farming. It is not our hope that the uneducated fullblood can, in a few seasons, grasp scientific methods expounded by government and state agricultural agents, but if they can be made to understand and use even a few of the advanced ideas, and while this is being done, their white or more progressive neighbors will improve the surrounding farms through the efforts of organizations like this, and you earnest business men and citizens who have fixed in your minds the upbuilding and development of the agricultural resources of the State, it is very evident that the Indian will also advance and take advantage of the ocular demonstration of the benefits acquired by good farming, and the use of good seed, as compared with the old way.

The most populous Indian tribe in eastern Oklahoma, the Cherokees, have practically reached the condition where those that are dependent upon agricultural pursuits must look that situation straight in the face. Their tribal holdings have all been disposed of, their allotments have been equalized, and the money remaining in the Treasury has practically all been distributed to them.

Assures Aid of Field Force.

WE HAVE many thousands of Indians who must be farmers. They are here and the citizens of the state must recognize that one of the most important phases of the agricultural situation is its relation to the Indian, and I want to assure this body that the officials of the Interior Department sincerely appreciate the importance of this organized effort, and not only have I done, but will continue to do, everything possible to promote such an important public activity in which I am not only interested because I am one of you, but officially, because of the large, land-owning Indian population. With our field force we will assist in your local and county organizations, and I feel convinced that a well-directed effort along these lines will develop large areas now nonproducing, thus increasing the general prosperity of the country, including land rental values.

If the improvement in agricultural conditions is generally good for Eastern Oklahoma, it is also good for the Indian citizenship, and any improvement that can be brought about which relates to the Indian naturally redounds to the advancement of the community of which they are such a large factor. We must admit that too much speculation in realty holdings does not make for the general and permanent upbuilding of the community. This is just as true as applied to land as to city property. Land held solely for speculation, and which does not produce, adds nothing to the general resources of the country, except so long as there is outside demand or new money comes in. As soon as this new money stops, and the demand ceases, we have stagnation, which nothing will counteract save the steady and continued improvement of these farms, and the marketing of products, either grain or stock, that will make us creditors to the outside world instead of debtors.

Lease System a Handicap.

I BELIEVE that there is nothing that has so handicapped the agricultural development of eastern Oklahoma, particularly in so far as the Indian lands are concerned, as the vicious lease system in effect. It is speculative, pure and simple.

I am a firm believer that as a general rule the individual Indian, particularly the restricted class, is land poor. With some few exceptions he has more acreage than he ever can or will cultivate, but

many times prefers to meagerly exist on the small sums he receives from the speculative leasetaker, who secures the lease not with the idea of improving the farm and making it produce, but of transferring it or surrendering to some one who may eventually buy the land with a bona fide intention of farming it.

Should Sell Excess Lands.

I BELIEVE that the Indian should sell his excess lands instead of being permitted to lease, that the money derived therefrom be used in putting a small area that the Indian can look after in a high state of cultivation and improvement, and then adequately protect him in his possession thereof.

The good results would be manifold. Thousands of acres now held under speculative leases would not only be made taxable, but go into the hands of farmers from other States whose eyes are constantly turned this way, who are almost always confronted, when they seek to buy a piece of Indian land, with either the purchase of a speculative lease or the possibility of being kept out of possession for a term of years until such lease expires. If a small, well-improved tract is retained for the Indian and the remainder sold and also improved, there cannot help but be a material increase in the producing areas of this section and everything reasonable will have to be done to put the Indian citizen in a position to support himself if he has the inclination.

Working Along These Lines.

OUR Department has been working along these lines, but finds it difficult to get the results that we should, because of need of legislation to assist, but we have accomplished a great deal. For instance, where full-blood Indians have royalty or other moneys handled under the supervision of the Department, our principal effort is to see that the money is placed into permanent land improvements, where it will not only benefit the individual Indian, but the community as a whole, including the surrounding Indian land. In this way we improve, to a more or less extent, in the neighborhood of a hundred farms each month throughout the eastern half of the State.

Dependent upon the means available, some of these are placed in splendid condition. I have in mind a recent case where there

was expended over $7,000 in improvements, fencing, cultivation, etc., on one farm. The Indian had theretofore been lying around town, spending his oil royalties as rapidly as he received them, with only the dissipated class of the town receiving any benefit therefrom. As soon as his money had accumulated sufficiently, he was induced to move to his farm, which had previously been in a dissipated condition, with the buildings unfit for habitation. He now has an elegant home, with horses, cattle, and hogs, and this year took an active and intelligent interest in raising a crop and making his own livelihood, and besides his money was spent in legitimate channels of trade for labor, lumber, machinery and other materials. We have several other cases where sums of from $1,000 to $3,500 have been used for like purposes.

Government Wants to Join Hands.

AGAIN I say that the Government wants to join hands with the movements of this character; that it would like to expend every dollar of the Indians' resources in making productive farms intead of scratching places, and that I would rather see an Indian have thirty or forty acres well cultivated and well improved than 500 lying idle with the title plastered and covered with speculative leases, which not only retard development but frighten nearly every bona fide farmer who wants to make a home in eastern Oklahoma.

"A MAN'S success in life is usualy in proportion to his confidence in himself, and the energy and persistence with which he pursues his aim."

The Indians and Game Preservation:

By Dr. Frank G. Speck.

IN THESE days when far-sighted people of the country are beginning to take notice of the disappearance of our wild animal life and the wanton encroachment of man upon nature, the Indians have in different ways come in for their share of blame and praise. Some writers have accused the Indians of thoughtless slaughter of the game, a few have excused them for the same on the grounds of necessity, while practically none have seen the matter in its true light, evidently because they are not acquainted with the customs of the people they are discussing. This is, indeed, only one among a number of fallacies current among historical writers which do injustice to the Indians by putting them on a lower cultural scale than they deserve. Investigation in every line of native Indian life is constantly revealing new traits of complexity and advancement which, when they become known, will earn a higher grade of appreciation for the Indians in general.

Let us consult, for example, the native regulations governing the treatment of the hunting territories among the northern Ojibways and the Montagnais of the Province of Quebec. The Indians are commonly accused of being improvident as regards the killing of game because they depend upon it for their living. This, I maintain, is grossly incorrect, the Indians being, on the contrary, the best protectors of the game. The Montagnais inhabiting the southern watershed of the Labrador peninsular depend entirely upon the hunt for their meat and subsistence, trading the furs that they obtain during the winter for the necessities of life at the Hudson Bay Compa-

ny's posts. Accompanied by his family, the Montagnais operates through a certain territory, known as his "hunting ground," the boundaries determined by a certain river, the drainage of some lake or the alignment of some ridge. This is his family inheritance, handed down from his ancestors. Here in the same district his father hunted before him and here also his children will gain their living. Despite the continued killing in the tract each year the supply is always replenished by the animals allowed to breed there. There is nothing astonishing in this to the mind of the Indian because the killing is definitely regulated so that the increase only is consumed, enough stock being left each season to insure a supply the succeeding year. In this manner the game is "farmed" so to speak, and the continued killing through centuries does not affect the stock fundamentally. It can readily be seen that the thoughtless slaughter of game in one season would spoil things for the next and soon bring the proprietor to famine.

The Montagnais depend largely upon the beaver, as there are very few moose and caribou in their country. The beaver to them is like the bison to the plains Indians, or the reindeer to the Arctic tribes. The meat of the beaver is delicious and substantial and replaces pork very advantageously. If the hunter falls sick in the forest far from aid, he finds the castoreum a beneficial remedy. Different from the other beasts the beaver does not wander about and require to be hunted; he builds his "cabin" in plain sight upon the very path of the hunter, in the river or lake. Instinctively, the hunter understands how Providence, by a wise law, which no man or goverment or game commission can improve on, has placed the beaver there for his subsistence. He understands, moreover, that he cannot abuse this providence. Thus it is that the Indian, obeying a natural law of conservation, which is worth more than any written law to him, "never destroys all the members of a beaver family." He knows enough to spare a sufficient number for the continuation of the family and the propagation of the colony. He takes care of the beaver and other animals as well that live in his family territory, the same as a farmer does of his breeders. He can, indeed, tell at any time the number of animals which he can dispose of each year in his district without damaging his supply.

Does this not seem remarkable to white people who, instead of regarding the game supply as a heritage, treat it as a source of sport

to earn credit among their friends for the number of creatures "bagged?" Another incentive, of course, is money. Here again the testimony of an Ojibway chief at Lake Temagami, Ontario, is exceedingly elucidating.

Speech of Aleck Paul (Osheshewakwasinowinini), Second Chief of Temagami Band of Ojibways.

IN THE early times the Indians owned this land where they lived, bounded by the lakes, rivers, and hills, or determined by a certain number of days' journey in this direction or that. Those tracts formed the hunting grounds owned and used by the different families. Wherever they went the Indians took care of the game animals, especially the beaver, just as the Government takes care of the land to-day. So these families of hunters would never think of damaging the abundance or the source of supply of the game, because that had come to them from their fathers and grandfathers and those behind them. It is, on the other hand, the white man who needs to be watched. He makes the forest fires, he goes through the woods and kills everything he can find, whether he needs its flesh or not, and then when all the animals in one section are killed he takes the train and goes to another where he can do the same.

We Indian families used to hunt in a certain section for beaver. We would only kill the small beaver and leave the old ones to keep breeding. Then when they got too old, they too would be killed, just as a farmer kills his pigs, preserving the stock for his supply of young. The beaver was the Indians' pork, the moose his beef, the partridge his chicken; and there was the caribou or red deer—that was his sheep. All these formed the stock on his family hunting ground, which would be parceled out among the sons when the owner died. He said to his sons, "You take this part; take care of this tract; see that it always produces enough." That was what my grandfather told us. His land was divided among two sons, my father and Pishabo (Tea Water), my uncle. We were to own this land so no other Indians could hunt on it. Other Indians could go there and travel through it, but could not go there to kill the beaver. Each family had its own district where it belonged, and owned the game. That was each one's stock for food and clothes. If another Indian hunted on our territory we, the

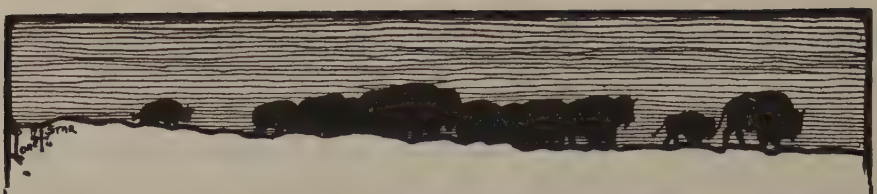
owners, could shoot him. This division of the land started in the beginning of time, and always remained unchanged. I remember about twenty years ago some Nipissing Indians came north to hunt on my father's land. He told them not to hunt beaver. "This is our land," he told them; "you can fish but must not touch the fur, as that is all we have to live on." Sometimes an owner would give permission for strangers to hunt for a certain time or in a certain tract. This was often done for friends or when neighbors had had a poor season. Later the favor might be returned.

When the white people came they commenced killing all the game. They left nothing on purpose to breed and keep up the supply, because the white men don't care about the animals. They are after the money. After the white man kills all the game in one place, he can take the train and go 300 miles or more to another and do the same there. But the Indian cannot do that. He must stay on his own section all the time and suppost his family on what it produces. So he has to preserve his game stock and live on what is bred on the increase. If the Indian did like the white man and should go to the old country, England, what would the white man do? He would send solders to shoot him and send him back where he came from.

You can write this down for me: If an Indian went to the old country and sold hunting licenses to the old country people for them to hunt on their own land, the white people would not stand for that. The Government sells our big game, our moose, for $50 license and we don't get any of it. The Government sells our fish and our islands and gets the money, but we don't get any share.

What we Indians want is for the Government to stop the white people killing our game, as they do it only for sport and not for support. We Indians do not need to be watched about protecting the game, we must protect the game or starve. We can take care of the game just as well as the Game Wardens and better, because we are going to live here all the time. We don't like to be watched, when the Government doesn't watch the people it should watch. When the treaty was made, about sixty years ago, the Government said: "You Indians own the game. There are a great many Indians in this country. People do not see them much at the towns because they stay in the bush. These Indians need to have their rights in the land and the game recognized and protected as much as the new settlers."

To conclude a subject which could be discussed exhaustively to the credit of the natives and the discredit of the white hunters, let me quote the remarks of M. Tessier, the well-known agent and friend of the Montagnais of Lake St. John: "Far from being the destroyer of the beaver, the Indian is the true and natural protector, and I defy whoever it may be to prove the contrary. One cannot say the same of the civilized hunter. The whites do not behave in the same manner, unfortunately. They don't hunt for food nor clothing, but for gain or for mere sport. What good to them is the preservation of the beaver or any other animal in a district? They need never return there again for their purposes. Indeed, they kill every animal which they find at the end of their gun without sparing anything. There, indeed, are the destroyers of the beaver and the game! The Indian does not kill for profit, but for subsistence only." It was the same with the tribes of the plains and the bison. When they were masters of the prairies the maintenance of the bison herds was assured for their own subsistence. Only when the white man penetrated the West was the doom of the bison sealed.



SA-CA-GA-WE-A

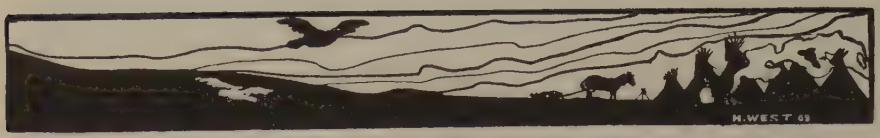
(The Indian girl who guided Lewis and Clark in their expedition to the Pacific.)

By Edna Dean Proctor

SHO-SHO-NE SA-CA-GA-WE-A—captive and wife was she
On the grassy plains of Dakota in the land of the Minnetaree;
But she heard the west wind calling, and longed to follow the sun
Back to the shining mountains and the glens where her life begun.
So, when the valiant Captains, fain for the Asian sea,
Stayed their marvellous journey in the land of the Minnetaree
(The Red Men wondering, wary—Omaha, Mandan, Sioux—
Friendly now, now hostile, as they toiled the wilderness through),
Glad she turned from the grassy plains and led their way to the West,
Her course as true as the swan's that flew north to its reedy nest;
Her eye as keen as the eagle's when the young lambs feed below;
Her ear alert as the stag's at morn guarding the fawn and doe.
Straight was she as a hillside fir, lithe as the willow-tree,
And her foot as fleet as the antelope's when the hunter rides the lea;
In broidered tunic and moccasins, with braided raven hair,
And closely belted buffalo robe with her baby nestling there—
Girl of but sixteen summers, the homing bird of the quest,

Free of the tongues of the mountains, deep on her heart imprest,
Sho-sho-ne Sa-ca-ga-we-a led the way to the West!—
To Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison and deer,
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and cougar and wolf prowled near;
To the cataract's leap, and the meadows with lily and rose abloom;
The sunless trails of the forest, and the canyon's hush and gloom;
By the veins of gold and silver, and the mountains vast and grim—
Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's rim;
Through sombre pass, by soaring peak, till the Asian wind blew free,
And lo! the roar of the Oregon and the splendor of the Sea!

Some day, in the lordly upland where the snow-fed streams divide—
Afoam for the far Atlantic, afoam for Pacific's tide—
There, by the valiant Captains whose glory will never dim
While the sun goes down to the Asian sea and the stars in ether swim,
She will stand in bronze as richly brown as the hue of her girlish cheek,
With broidered robe and braided hair and lips just curved to speak;
And the mountain winds will murmur as they linger along the crest,
"Sho-sho-ne Sa-ca-ga-we-a, who led the way to the West!"



The Man in the Moon; An Eskimo Legend:

By Domitilla.

AN IMMIT boy and an old Indian woman who had found and brought him up lived near the bleak, icy shore of the Arctic Ocean with a band of Indians called Loucheux, or "Quarrelers." The boy was as thin as a lath and clothed in tattered skins all but ready to drop off him, for he and his foster mother were miserably poor.

The Loucheux quarreled with her for adding to her poverty by picking up such a useless, shattery, little creature. Still, they were always growling at themselves or one another. Perhaps the barren land they lived in had much to do with their querulous temper. It was flat and marshy; the plains in summer were covered with a kind of moss called tundra, which they used as food. These plains were only the melted surface of snow and ice, too deep and hard for the short summer heats to penetrate. In winter they were frozen over and buried beneath fathoms of snow. Bears, seals, walruses, and whales were hunted before the hardest cold set in and stored around the sides of the snow huts in which they lived. To keep out the cold, these snow huts were often built partly under ground, only the entrance to them showing from the outside.

Once there was the longest and worst winter ever known, and the stock of meat gave out. The famished boy often asked for food which was grudgingly given, the while he was nagged at and ridiculed for his presumption in making a huge pair of snow shoes. "What could a starveling like him do with snow shoes?"

In this time of want, when game was scarce, things would have gone badly for the hunters, had they not, when about to return empty handed, always come across a broad trail that led to a spot where lay some freshly-killed bears or other large animals. They never hesitated to consider whether they were entitled to them, but carried off in haste the hidden booty. This good luck happened so often that they resolved to lie in wait and surprise the good gen-

ius who had them in his care. Close watch revealed that the boy and his snow shoes were concerned in the matter, as they had somehow supposed. When they found the track of the snow shoes led to the door of his hut, all doubts were ended. But instead of showing gratitude to their benefactor, they treated as unkindly as ever the despised little weakling who had of late so often saved them from starvation.

One night when the Quarrelers were feasting from the full pots hanging over the fire, the boy came in and begged for a small piece of blubber of which the Eskimos are excessively fond. He was refused and driven from the hut. He vanished in the darkness and was never seen again. All that remained of him was his ragged little garments found in the morning hanging on the branch of a stunted tree.

In the course of a moon's time, provisions had again given out; no easy trails were found leading to expected bounty as before, and the grumpy Quarrelers suffered. It was then that a round, sturdy man, with a good-humored smile, and attired in the finest of Arctic clothing entered the Loucheux country. He announced himself the Man in the Moon, whom they had always petitioned before starting on the hunt. He also declared that he was the unhappy lad who had smarted under their cruelty and fled to his home to escape it. In conclusion he said that on his return to the moon, which he would never again leave, he would always watch over them for the sake of the old woman who had cherished him, but in punishment for ingratitude the animals should forevermore be lean in winter and fat in summer. And this has been the case ever since.

The Creation of the Earth.

CORA ELM, *Oneida.*

HERE are some of the old Indians who believe that for a long time the human race lived in the clouds while this earth was all covered with water and only animals existed here. One old woman who lived in the clouds had a beautiful, charming daughter, who was held in seclusion. This daughter was sent down to the earth because she had committed a sin. When the animals saw her floating from the clouds they held a council and considered the best way to protect themselves from this extraordinary being.

They decided that they would be able to protect themselves better on land than on water. The one who could hold the heaviest weight on his back was to be chosen to form the basis of land. Different ones were given a trial to prove their strength, but the turtle proved to be the strongest.

All the animals helped to construct the land on the turtle's back by bringing earth, rocks, and other material from the bottom of the sea. In a few days they had constructed a small island, and by this time the woman arrived. They found her so delightful that they decided to enlarge the island, so that more of her race might inhabit it.

Some of her race were very curious to know what became of her, so they came down to earth and found it better living on land than in the clouds.

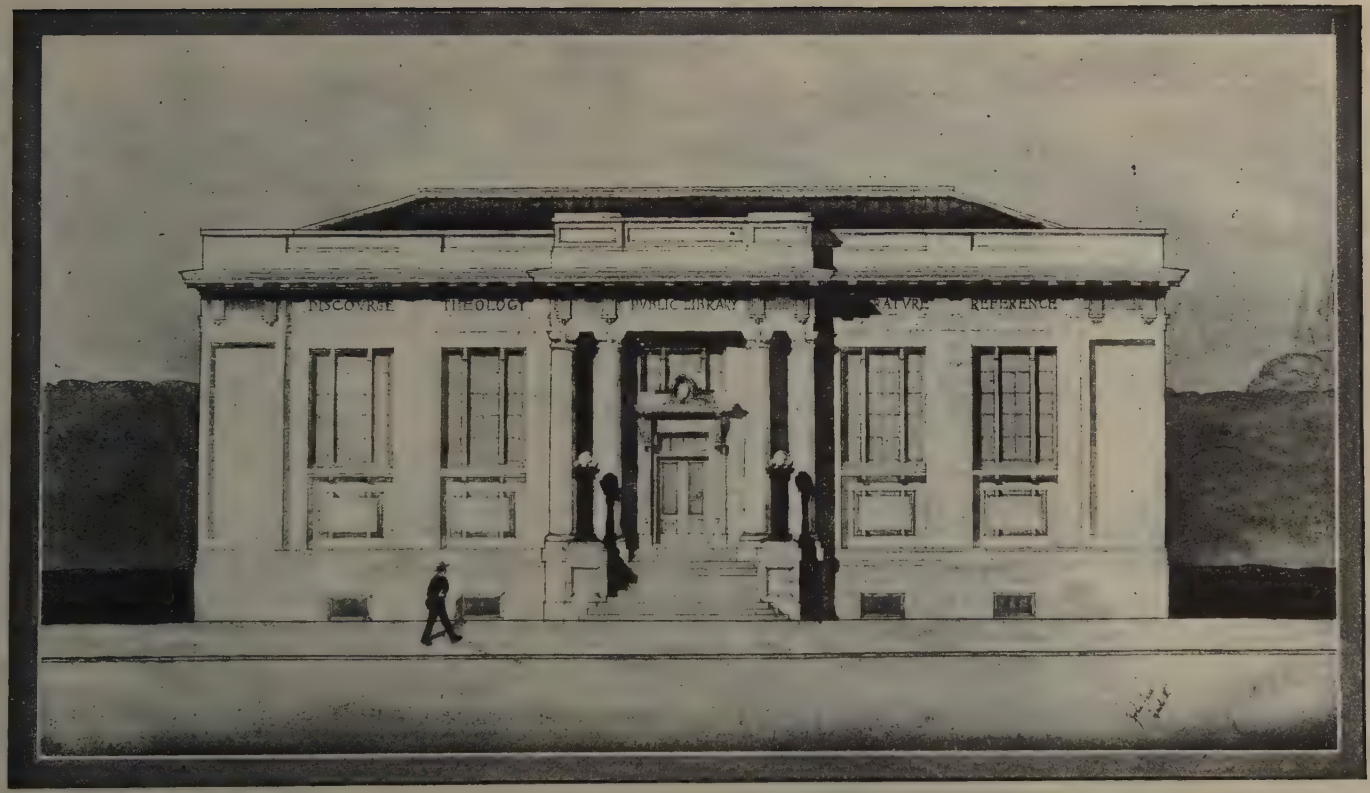
A View of the Genesee Falls Near Mary Jemison's Grave

The Gorge in Letchworth Park

Upper—The Home of Hulputta Harjochee, Full Blood Creek Citizen. A Typical Home of Full Blood Indian. Washington Long, Full Blood Creek Indian and Corner of His Oat Field. This is One of the Most Progressive Indians. Center—Home of Levi Ketcher, Full Blood Cherokee Citizen, Erected under Supervision of Government Agents. Lower—Marfey Harjochee, Wife of Hulputta Harjochee. Tulsa Harjo, Full Blood Creek Indian, and Two Sons Hoeing Cotton, with Government Agricultural Agent.

Creek Indians—Old Way, Poor Equipment

New Way, with Good Teams and Modern Machinery Purchased upon Advice of Government Agents



GRADE III, PROBLEM 86.—A CARNEGIE BRANCH LIBRARY. DRAWING BY JOHN FARR, CHIPPEWA INDIAN

This Library is one of a number of branches of the city public library. It will consist of a basement and main floor; the latter being 6' 0" above grade, and consisting solely of a large reading room, with delivery desk, wall and floor cases, etc. The only entrance for the public to this floor will be on the front, from a broad flight of steps.

The plot of ground for this purpose is 150' 0" long on a principal street, 160' 0" deep between party walls. The length of the facade shall be not more than 80' 0", and the material limestone or marble. Drawings Required.—Elevation of principal facade ¼" to 1' 0".

Editorial Comment

Nearing the Last Lap in Indian Affairs.

THE Indian Service personnel and the Indians of the country must be impressed with the effective manner in which the Indian Bureau has begun its activities under the Wilson administration, with Hon. Franklin K. Lane as Secretary of the Interior and Hon. Cato Sells as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This efficiency is characterized by a calmness of administration, coupled with an infused confidence on the part of Indians and the public that the Indian business is now in eminently safe hands. At best, work of directing Indian affairs is fraught with conflicting opinions and at times by the opposition of interested or selfish forces. It is well, therefore, that a judicious atmosphere, with a keynote of efficiency and justice, pervades Indian affairs.

At the same time the policy announced of protecting the illiterate, ignorant, and incompetent Indians by necessary restrictions, and affording them thorough education and training in industry and Christian civilization, while liberalizing the Government's dealings with competent and educated Indians, strikes a responsive chord everywhere. While this means that the Indian will receive protection and the right education, it is significant of a definite movement toward hastening the time when the Indians shall enter the ranks of citizenship, unhampered in the enjoyment of their property, yet with a realization of the obligations imposed by the right of franchise.

A Carlisle Indian Shows Talent in Architecture.

THE cut showing an architectural drawing by John Farr, on another page of THE RED MAN, is of interest and significance. This young man, who graduated at Carlisle a couple of years ago, has been a student in the architectural department of the University of Pennsylvania for a little more than a year, being now in his second year in a two-year term for a special certificate of proficiency.

In writing of his work, the dean of this school says:

Your protege, John Farr, has proved, as we expected, a hard-working student, but he has done better than this, having an excellent record for the year's

work. The final report will show the degree to which this is true and will, I think, probably go in excess of this moderate praise.

Some time since I was pleased to receive a copy of THE RED MAN, largely written and illustrated by present and former students of the Carlisle School. Some of Farr's drawings are of such excellence that I believe they would make very interesting matter for publication in THE RED MAN.

We know of no trained Indian architects. There are many Indian lawyers, ministers and doctors, and many in the other professions, and the indications point to young Farr as a future acquisition to the architectural profession. He has been working hard, spending his vacations earning money to pay many of his expenses at the university and, having distinct natural ability as well as perseverance, he should finish his course creditably with a good outlook for a career of real service. While only a few Indians enter the professional ranks, a large majority of them being content—and rightly so—to make a success in business, in the trades, in farming and in housekeeping, it is a clear indication of progress among our Indians to see many of the red men making good in the so-called higher walks of life.

THERE is no prayer worth the name that is unaccompanied by effort to make the prayer come true. —*Herbert L. Willett*

Comment of Our Contemporaries

INDIANS IN OFFICE

THIS may well be termed the Indians' administration. The appointment of Peru Farver to be the head of Armstrong Academy, an important Indian School in Oklahoma, is particularly interesting because the place became his through the appointment of Jabe E. Parker, his predecessor, as Registrar of the Treasury. Both are Choctaw Indians and both a credit to their tribe and race.

The registership, for many years held by negroes, is the most important office ever intrusted to an Indian by the United States Government, and the decision to promote Mr. Farver, who had demonstrated his ability as an instructor in the Armstrong Institute, speaks well for the judgment of the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Our guardianship of the red man calls for a curious combination of sympathy and common sense. An Indian necessarily must have a superior appreciation of the needs of his own people, and if, like Mr. Farver and Mr. Parker, he has been able to make a success of pedagogy, his equipment for an important part in solving the Indian problem need not be questioned.

The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lane, has approached the Indian problem in a sympathetic and resolute fashion, apparently resolved to avoid the pitfalls of sentimentalism on one hand and the injustice of white exploitation of the red man's interests on the other.

The Indians have dwindled in number. Thanks to the Government's inattention, once flourishing tribes have been decimated by disease and impoverished by grafters. But splendid specimens of the race survive and are finding it more easy to assimilate with the white population that has ingulfed the hunting grounds. In giving well-qualified Indians a share in the responsibilities of government the administration is doing a handsome thing.—*Washington Post.*

THE EFFICIENT INDIAN.

The following editorial shows the great interest in this country in practical education, based on common-sense methods. Superintendent Friedman is slightly misquoted, as he stated that the number of graduates from the Carlisle School who have made good compared in number and accomplishment most favorably with the graduates of our universities and colleges. The editorial in *The Telegraph* is an able and thoughtful one, containing suggestions which are reflected in the recent discussions led by prominent college authorities—*Editor.*

THE average Indian, upon graduation from the Carlisle School, is more efficient than the average university graduate, Superintendent Friedman, of the Carlisle institution, told the Engineers' Society last evening. We are quite ready to believe him.

When the Carlisle Indian sets his face toward home and the Golden West with his sheepskin in his hand, or decides to try his fortunes in the East, he is not puffed up with the thought that now he is master of all the thought of the ages, that he begins where father is leaving off or far beyond, and that the world owes him a bank president's salary immediately upon leaving college. The Indian has been trained in a hard school. He knows how to work with his hands as well as with his brain, and it has been impressed upon him

that he goes out into the world to face a handicap which only the hardest kind of toil on his part will enable him to overcome.

Carlisle turns out a product well able to care for itself in any circumstances and which books of the school will show, notwithstanding the fact that on the pages of the yellow press of the country every Indian who goes wrong is heralded as a "graduate of Carlisle." The truth is that Carlisle has a far better record in this respect than has many a college of wider scope and influence.

Carlisle prepares her pupils for immediate contact with a "give and take" world. Too many of the white man's colleges are apparently founded on the proposition that their students are to live the lives of the idle rich, with incomes sufficient to meet all wants out of college as they have been met by fond parents within. This is, perhaps, the biggest fault of the college to-day. Mr. Friedman might do the country a service by preaching Carlisle methods throughout the educational institutions of the land.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

THE INDIANS FRIEND

WHEN Mr. Lane, the new Secretary of the Interior, told the Indians who called to pay their respects that he knew the plains and the mountains and the big-game country, he gave us an interesting glimpse of his background. That he knows railroads may be guessed from his experience on the Interstate Commerce Commission, and that he is not unfamiliar with many phases of the Indian question may also be inferred from his antecedents. At any rate he assured his callers that he and "the great man in the White House" would see that they do not suffer injustice.

Now that the days of the tomahawk and the war dance have gone by and the Indian is no longer a menace anywhere, he is beginning, even on the old Western frontier, to awaken in the white man something of the sentimental interest which has long been felt for him in New England.—*Editorial, Boston Globe.*

THE ADVANCE OF LO

LO the poor Indian, with his untutored mind, is pushing the marauding pale faces away from the pie counter and taking unto himself the choicest pastry thereon. President Wilson has appointed Gabe F. Parker, a full-blooded Choctaw Indian of Oklahoma, to be Registrar of the Treasury.

The signature of the Registrar of the Treasury must appear on all currency put into circulation during his term of office. He is the wampum chief of a hundred millions of people, and the wampum he signs will be good wampum, as were the guahang shells and copper nuggets and inscribed birch bark of his ancestors.

The Indians in Oklahoma are carrying the scalps of the white Democrats at their belts. United States Senator Robert L. Owen is part Cherokee. Congressman Carter is part Cherokee and part Chickasaw. There are Indian State, county, and city officers

galore, and thus far none of them have been indicted for malversation in office. —*Los Angeles Times.*

INDIAN DAY

INDIAN Day is suggestive of an American holiday that should appeal to every lover of American history. Already we have holidays enough, if, indeed, not too many. But to the red man we have not yet done justice. This broad land was once his own. No people loved native land more than he loved the forests and hills and streams of the American continent. It was inevitable, before the irresistible coming of the white man, the Indian should give way; but in the process he has not always had fair treatment. Glaring defects of character he may have had, but these were more than offset by noble qualities. These have never been brought out as they might be, and it has been a continual fight to secure for the red man even the measure of justice he has enjoyed.

The annual Indian conference at Lake Mohonk, New York, fosters this spirit of justice toward the more than a quarter of million Indian Americans still left; but a national Indian holiday would afford opportunity for a nation-wide consideration of his rights and needs, and, by calling attention to Indian customs and habits, would stimulate interest as nothing else might in out-of-door life. In some States October 12th is observed as Columbus Day, but the new holiday has had a halting reception and gives no promise of ever becoming a popular national celebration. But let October 12th become known as American Indian Day' and the boom of interest in its observance would be instantaneous and lasting.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

CARLISLE SCHOOL IS PRAISED

RAND, McNally & Co. have just issued an excellent and comprehensive geography of Pennsylvania, prepared by Dr. Charles H. Albert.

It contains several references to the Carlisle Indian School, and on page 23 the following complimentary comment is made:

"At Carlisle, Pa., is located the largest, best equipped, and most efficient school for the education of the Indian in the United States."

Graduates and Returned Students

THE United States Congress is made up of hard-headed and far-sighted business men. Generalizations relative to Indian education are not accepted as facts, and the Congress insists on individual records to prove the value of Indian Schools. The Carlisle School has long felt the justice of this demand and has met it. The Superintendent considers this matter one of the most important duties with which he is charged, and each year writes thousands of letters of good cheer and encouragement to the former students. Large numbers are found employment, and larger numbers are returning to visit their Alma Mater each year. What splendid achievements in civilization, and remarkable progress toward the best in citizenship, is breathed in the spirit and story of these letters!

SAMUEL J. MCLEAN, a Sioux Indian and a Carlisle graduate of the class of 1909, writes to THE RED MAN as follows: "I have resigned from the Service as a blacksmith and have accepted a good position as art and penmanship teacher at St. Mary's Mission, near Omak, Wash. I will report for my new work on September 12th."

IN A letter to the school from Indian Wells, Arizona, Lewis E. Thompson says: "I am proud of Carlisle, the school that has helped me to a happier life. I am trying to help my tribe by teaching all that I know of the Lord's Book. I have done nothing to make Carlisle ashamed of me. I was married recently and the world looks very happy to me."

CARLISLE INDIAN A LEADER IN ATHLETICS.

Mike Balenti, the Indian shortstop of the St. Louis Browns, and a former student of Carlisle, has branched out as a football coach. He has been appointed assistant coach of the St. Louis University eleven, and will assume his duties at the close of the Americam League season. Balenti, Class '09, was formerly a member of the Carlisle Indian eleven.

IS A REPRESENTATIVE CITIZEN.

A very interesting letter has been received from L. N. Gansworth, who is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School, in which he gives interesting information about his family, his progress in business, and his standing as a citizen. In addition to this letter, we have seen a souvenir program of the Mt. Ida Presbyterian Church, of Davenport, Iowa, giving the program for dedication day of a handsome new church. It will be of interest to this young man's friends and to every Carlisle girl and boy, to know that he is a member of the board of trustees of this church, was treasurer of the building committee, and is superintendent of the Sunday school, and this all in competition with the "pale face."

Part of this interesting letter is as follows:

As I have not written to you for several "moons," I shall begin with the birth of a little daughter in our home, which occurred last March. Her name is Noreen, and she

is now very interesting, and how the other girls love her!

In June I had the honor of again representing the Tri-City Typographical Union at the State Federation of Labor convention at Des Moines. I was one of the busy men there, serving as secretary of the resolution committee and as such drew up resolutions which the convention sent to the State encampment of the G. A. R., which was in session the same week we were. Also received a nomination as delegate to the American Federation of Labor to be held in Seattle, Wash., but didn't have enough votes to carry the day. However, it was a good showing for a man having attended only two sessions of the Federation. I went in company with one of the men connected with the labor bureau to call on the Governor, and received a very cordial welcome from him. After my friend informed the Governor that I was an Indian, he congratulated me on my progress and wished me success. The union gave me $6 a day and transportation. We were in session about a week. Next year the convention comes to Davenport.

We have had a very busy summer in the office, the machine going day and night. Last week we installed another linotype, a model 8, 3-magazine machine, and I am now running it. It is one of the latest models. During the summer we turned out among other work a large German catalog and a couple of Spanish catalogs. We also had a French catalog to do, but the firm we were going to do it for got in too much of a hurry for it and undertook the task, but afterwards said they wished they had left it with us, for it was no easy task for them.

INDIAN FOOTBALL HERO NOW CHIEF OF HIS TRIBE.

One of the objects of the recent convention of the Chippewa Indians located in the State of Minnesota was to elect a head chief of their new organization. They wanted a strong man, who could meet the whites without fear or favor and hold his own. Their choice fell upon Edward L. Rodgers, a member of the White Earth band of Chippewas. Rodgers is a product of the Carlisle Indian School and was a graduate from the law school of the University of Minnesota in 1904. During his career at Carlisle and Minnesota he won fame throughout the country as a marvel on the football gridiron, and captained the Minnesota eleven in 1905. Rodgers chose for a wife a Minnesota co-ed, and she is aiding him in his work of seeking independence for his progressive people. Some of the purposes for which the bands of his tribe have combined are: To adjudicate all the claims of the Chippewas against the United States; to promote agriculture and industry among Indians; to work toward the abolition of Federal control of the Indians, and to have them placed under state supervision; to get pay for accrued interest on tribal funds; to place the reds on the same footing as whites, making them self-supporting and independent.—*The Richmond (Ind.) Palladium.*

In a letter received from Vaughn F. Washburn we note that he is now living at Silver Creek, N. Y. He is no longer connected with the *Silver Creek News*, but has accepted a position as manager of a new job office, the Park Place Printery, whereby he has bettered himself in every way and is doing well.

FITTED FOR EFFICIENT SERVICE.

Miss Helen Eloise Pickard, a Wichita, Indian who obtained her preparatory education at the Carlisle Indian School, was in this year's graduating class of the West Chester State Normal School. She has completed the course with credit to herself and her race. The training which she has received fits her for either public school work or for the rendering of valuable service to her people in the Government Indian Schools.

Caleb Carter, honor pupil of Class '11, writes as follows to one of his former teachers: "I am certainly thankful for all

you taught me. I delivered an off-hand speech without difficulty before a large audience a short time ago."

CARLISLE GRADUATE TO TAKE COLLEGE COURSE.

Joel Wheelock, an Oneida Indian, from Depere, Wis., who graduated at the Carlisle Indian School with the class of 1912, and spent last year at Carlisle in the business department, will enter Lebanon Valley College, at Annville, Pa., this fall as a student. Wheelock was a member of last year's football team.

President Gossard of the college conferred with Superintendent Friedman on Monday, August 18, at which time arrangements were completed. Joel's friends at Carlisle wish him a happy and successful college career.

CARLISLE BOY CONTINUING HIS STUDIES.

In a letter received from Charles F. McDonald, who obtained his preliminary education at Carlisle, we hear that he is continuing with his education, and that he is getting along nicely. He says:

"Since leaving Carlisle in May 28, 1912, I have been engaged in fitting myself for my life work, and the education I received during the six years that I attended your school is the foundation upon which I am continuing. I am proud to be able to consider myself a graduate of Carlisle, and I most sincerely hope that I shall be able to uphold the standards and principles that were given to me by my Alma Mater."

FORMER STUDENT OF CARLISLE TEACHING HER PEOPLE.

Many of the returned students of Carlisle are engaged in teaching in and out of the Service. One of the bright young ladies who was educated here and who was a good musician, Caroline Hewitt, is now employed under the State of New York, teaching one of the district schools on the Tonawanda Reservation in New York. In a letter just received she says:

"I am teaching in a district Reservation school on the Tonawanda Reservation. It is one of the day schools which is under the supervision of the New York State.

"I wish you and the Carlisle school the very best of success in your work for the year."

HOLDS RESPONSIBLE POSITION IN PORTO RICO.

J. A. E. Rodriguez, a Porto Rican, who graduated from Carlisle in 1905, is now employed by the Insular Government of Porto Rico in the office of the Auditor as an expert accountant, with a compensation of $2,000 per annum and a per diem of $2.50 when on the road. Mr. Rodriguez is also president and treasurer of the San Juan Base Ball Grounds Association.

THE human race is divided into two classes—those that go ahead and do something and those who sit and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The Carlisle Indian School

Carlisle, Pennsylvania

M. Friedman, Superintendent

HISTORY

The School was founded in 1879, and is supported by the Federal Government. First specific appropriation made by Congress July 31, 1883.

PRESENT PLANT

The present equipment consists of 49 buildings and 311 acres of land. The equipment is modern and complete.

TRADES

Practical instruction is given in farming, dairying, horticulture, dressmaking, cooking, laundering, housekeeping, and in TWENTY trades.

ACADEMIC

There is a carefully graded school, including courses in agriculture, teaching, stenography, business practice, telegraphy, and industrial art.

OUTING SYSTEM

This affords an extended residence in carefully selected families, with instruction in public schools, sewing, housekeeping, and practice at their trades. Students earn regular wages and at present have about $40,000 to their credit in bank drawing interest.

PURPOSE

To train Indians as teachers, home makers, mechanics and industrial leaders either among their own people or in competition with the whites.

Faculty	79
Enrollment for fiscal year 1912	1,031
Returned students and graduates	5,616

RESULTS

Graduates and returned students are leaders and teachers among their people; 291 with the Government as Supervisors, Superintendents, Teachers, etc., in Government schools. Remainder are good home makers, successful in business, the professions, and the industries.